

## THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS

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Long May It Wave

HUBERT M. ENGEMANN  
CORP. FRANCIS J. MAGIN  
CORP. CLARENCE C. BAILEY

"Let us then stand by the constitution as it  
is, and by our own sense of right, and  
entirely let it be a truth engraven on our  
hearts; let it be borne on the flag under which  
we rally in every exigency, that we have one  
country, one constitution, one destiny."—Daniel  
Webster.

LOCAL MAN IN FRANCE  
CARRYING MESSAGES

(Continued from Page One)

A fellow out of the Engineers  
picked up something that looked like  
a fountain pen and it exploded and  
blew his hands off; there have been  
two or three cases of accidents like  
this. Up until a day or so ago one of  
us had to ride from here up there. I  
went up the other day and it was aw-  
ful traveling. The roads were so  
muddy and rutty and the Germans  
were shelling it. I didn't know it  
until I saw one or two light out in  
the field a little ways off. They were  
dropping them all around there that  
p. m. and you could hear them whis-  
tling through the air. They were  
gassing the town I passed through  
also about an hour before I got there  
but it was gone before I got there. I  
had an awful time; the roads were  
just a mass of shrapnel holes and big  
stones piled along to fill them up and  
believe me I was glad to get back.  
Well, I don't know what we will  
do next; don't care myself. My ma-  
chine broke down the other day; don't  
see how it stood up under the racket  
as long as it did.

However, I expect to have it again  
in a day or so. The weather has  
commenced to get cold and I expect  
it will be winter soon. I don't know  
how I will make out when it gets real  
cold but I guess I can get along. I  
was feeling on the bum, lost about 10  
lbs I guess but I feel good deal bet-  
ter today. Got a letter from Ernest  
and he said he expected to leave the  
school soon. I hope he gets assigned  
to a good outfit. Ours got a com-  
pliment from the general for its work  
at the front.

Harold may get discharged, don't  
you think I'm sorry I can't get to

write to more people but we can't find  
time or material over here. Gee, I'd  
like to get hold of a piece of your  
home-made pie once more. You can  
not get anything here at all. I guess  
about everyone from home is in the  
army all right. It's funny I have never  
received any of those Banners yet  
and I'd like to get hold of them too.  
You ask if we have nice quarters.  
Yes, if you call it such. We haven't  
any palace but a nice big cobwebby,  
dusty and dirty old shack of a barn  
and a million fleas and cooties for  
company. Oh, it's a fine place.  
Well, I must ring off. Will try and  
write oftener. Don't you stop as  
that is the only way I get the news.  
Tell dad I got his letter today also.  
Write soon. Your loving son,  
Sgt. G. S. Menke,  
Headquarters Det., 5 Amp. Train.

Also the following to his sister:

Dear Helen:  
Well I must drop you a few lines  
or I know I will offend your dignity  
and if I don't you might stop writing  
me which of course I know you won't  
do. I have been pretty busy you  
may know but I will try and write you  
oftener. Glad to know your opera-  
tion was so successful and that you  
are well again. I haven't any horse  
now but a motorcycle that keeps me  
busy. Are you going to study  
French? I don't know any of it as  
I never get a chance to learn the  
blooming stuff. I got a letter from  
Kenneth the other day but he was still  
at San Antonio then. You must be  
getting to be a pretty big girl and  
I suppose I won't be able to lose you  
like I used to, eh? You talk about  
the aviation. I saw a German ace  
fly up to an observation balloon and  
shoot it full of holes, setting it on  
fire then come to another about a  
block away from me and 200 feet in  
the air and set that on fire and get  
away again over the German lines.  
The machine guns were shooting at  
every bush around but never hit him.  
The men in the balloons came down in  
a parachute. It was all done before  
we were aware of it. I'll send you  
some souvenirs as soon as I can find  
something I think you would like and  
will write you a long letter next time  
and which will be longer and more  
news in it. So excuse me for this  
time. Yours loving brother,  
Sgt. George S. Menke.

Rollin Donovan, son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Frank Donovan, of Grattan,  
writes the following letter telling of  
life in the great theater of war. We  
don't know but we rather think that  
Rollin's letter was written with blood  
as it was written with a red colored  
writing fluid and perhaps blood is  
more plentiful than ink in France to-  
day. His letter is as follows:

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1918.  
Dear Mother:  
I will drop you a line to let you  
know I am alive and feeling fine. I  
have been playing ball all the after-  
noon; had a fine time; it is the first  
change I have had to play since I was  
in the army.  
We had a nice supper tonight. We  
had pork chops for the first time, po-  
tatoes, onions, apple sauce, brown  
gravy, bread and butter. If I could  
have that three times a day I would  
get fat. I only weigh 185 lbs. now.  
I weighed 154 when I came in the  
army. I think that is pretty good.  
I suppose you are all wondering  
when the war will be over. Well,  
you can have a big turkey ready for  
my Christmas dinner.  
I am sitting on the floor in a build-  
ing about 200 years old writing by a  
tallow candle. It is about 9:30 so I  
will have to make it short; it takes  
me about an hour to write a letter.  
I moved my sleeping place the other  
day. I am in a better place than I  
had.  
We have some funny weather over  
here; it rains about half the time.  
I would like to know what everyone  
is doing in the States about now. I  
have been working in the kitchen  
helping the cooks I like it quite well.  
There is some fine scenery around

here. I would like to send some pic-  
tures but it is hard to find anything  
in this town.  
They are harvesting grapes now.  
There are lots of grapes but they  
charge a lot for them, too. I gave  
1 franc and 70 centimes for a bunch  
of them last night.  
I saw some boys from Belding.  
They are most all at the front now.  
Kenneth Oberlin is at the front. I  
saw Elgie Gould; he was gassed but  
is all right now.  
I saw the ruins where Napoleon had  
a great battle.  
I got a letter from Edna Bronell  
and her picture; it seemed good to  
see a face from home.  
I tell you that we are pushing them  
back and hope by the time the war is  
over that there is just enough room  
to bury the damn Germans in.  
Has father started on his way yet?  
I wish I was there to help him but  
when I get back he can depend on me  
not that I don't like my job over here  
for when I come back it will all be  
finished.  
Well I will say good night, with  
love to all.

Pvt. Rollin Donovan,  
A. P. O. 789, 340th Field Hospital, A.  
E. F., France.

Charles King, son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Ed. King, of James street, is the  
writer of letter No. 8, which is as  
follows:

Oct. 1, 1918.  
Dear Mother:  
Just a few lines this p. m. I was  
called out about 9 o'clock last night  
and just got back here a short time  
ago, about 1:30 and am a little tired.  
I am driving an ambulance again so  
that is all hours of the day or night.  
But it isn't bad at all only cold driv-  
ing. Say mother, I am just getting  
wise as I have got a wisdom tooth  
coming through and believe me it is  
some sore; my face was swollen up  
the other day but is going down so it  
is almost normal again.

Well Mother, I got real curious the  
other day, the 27th of Sept. I was  
out on relief and right close to the  
trenches, so one of the other fellows  
and I got permission from the com-  
manding officer at the post to go up  
and see the sights and saw when they  
named it No-Man's-Land they named  
right for I don't think the devil would  
own it as his and the towns where  
the soldiers have gone through are  
almost pulp. They are using the  
buildings that are blown up; they are  
using the brick and stone to build the  
roads up so as they can run the big  
trucks and cars over. The only thing  
I wish is the war would only end. For  
you can't imagine the way things are  
over here. If the rest of the people  
were only as well off as I am it would  
not be quite so bad but there are  
lots of people who haven't got a place  
they can call home.

Well, Mother, how is everything at  
home? I haven't got a letter from  
anyone since August and I don't  
know what is going on around there  
and don't know what to think about  
my mail. Other fellows get mail  
o. k., but I guess they have forgotten  
I am here. If I could get all the  
mail that has been sent to me since I  
left the States I would be getting a  
whole sack full of my own. I have  
been in this one camp since the first  
week in June and have not got over a  
half dozen letters. I have got 20  
letters altogether of the mail that  
was sent from the States but I should  
worry, the war will be over some day.  
Well, Mother, I guess I'll close for  
this time, hoping to hear from you  
soon. I remain as B-4, your loving  
son.

Pvt. I-C Chas. C. King,  
Evac. Amb. Co., Prov. No. 1, A. E. F.,  
Care Evac. Hosp. No. 1.

General von Windy Bugg, of the  
Cherman army, has also sent me  
in a copy of a letter which he re-  
cently sent in to the Kaiser in which  
he tells the ruler of the ruthless  
ruffians of the love and fealty which the  
German people and soldiers do not  
feel toward him. Von Windy Bugg's  
letter is as follows:

On the Vay Home, Oct. 5, 1918.  
Most Fostish, Majesty,  
Imperial Palace, Berlin.  
Sir:  
I think mebbe you tink by dis time  
dot I have forgotten you, but it iss not  
so. I tink of you always. Ven I am  
away from you I can't keep mine  
thoughts off of you, and if I vas near  
you I couldn't keep mine hands off of  
you. I could be arrested for vit I  
tink of you. I luff effery bone in your  
head. I just vant to told you dot  
your army is progressing fast. In  
fact, dey iss the fastest progressers  
vot you haff neffer seen. Knowing  
dot dey can't do no more dirt here as  
hass been did, and dot dey don't want  
to go to Paris as bad as dey vunce  
did, they are coming home to see vot  
can be did dey.

Dot long, lean complexioned son of  
yours, iss the best offer. He iss also  
coming home as dere is no more wine  
here as he hass drankt it all up. He  
is a goot Cherman, he don't know  
nottings. You should be proud of  
dot boy. He can drink almost so  
much as vot you can. He hass neffer  
seen de day you could kill as many  
babies as vot he can. He is a fine  
lemon.

I am proud of the way you haff not  
made a monkey of dot President Vil-  
son mit dot peace proposal, you sure  
pulled the wool over his nose. I tink  
not. You alone a fine diploim—not  
at all sure the Yankess enchoyed your  
proposal as dey luff a good choke.  
Dot's de reason dey left de whole  
Cherman army.  
I haff got a fine idea. It is diss—  
Ven you made your army you dot  
a fine chob only you expected it to  
fight, and dere is your mistake. Dey  
ain't fighters, but lissens; you stop  
diss war and start up some Olympic  
games and we vill enter the army  
into all the feet races and we vill vin  
all de points and dot vill give us our  
Vide World Supremacy dot belongs to  
us, as dere ain't nobody can run so  
fast as a Cherman. Dey hass already  
outrun Tom Longboat, Chennie  
Hayes and Ted Meredith. Vot you  
tink?

So we are coming home and if not-  
ting happens to make us miss con-  
nections, at the rate we are travelling  
now, we will be back in Berlin for  
Xmas dinner. We are bringing some  
company home mit us and you should  
serve us Turkey for dinner. Our  
company iss about zwai millions Yan-  
kees. Und get dot flag pole on the  
Palace painted as dose Yankess hass  
got a beautiful nice new flag to put  
on it. It iss all streaked mit stripes  
und speckled mit stars. Dey say  
dey won't come unless day can put it

on the Palace, and as dey always get  
vot dey vant, we had better let dem  
haff dere vay to save a argument. If  
you don't get diss ladder let me know  
and I vin write you anoder vum.

Your hungry servant,  
General von Windy Bugg,  
Commanding Cherman Feet Racers.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richardson are  
in receipt of a letter from their son,  
Will, who went overseas several  
months ago. Will Richardson is the  
young man who has had a war baby  
born at his home here a short time  
after he left for war and it is this  
baby that he refers to as longing to  
see.

Sept. 25, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:  
I received your letter, also the mo-  
ney order you sent with it; thanks  
very much for it. I have not yet  
got a letter from Emma and one  
from Ellen telling about our baby. I  
sure would like to see it very much.  
I can't hardly wait until the war ends  
so that I can come home and be with  
you all.

I got a letter from Paul Harrington  
yesterday too; he has been in actual  
service for about 1-2 months. He  
says he will be glad when he can go  
home again. He said that Elmer had  
been sick with typhoid fever but he is  
better now. I was sick yesterday but  
am feeling pretty good today, nothing  
but a cold. Hope you are keeping well.  
Emma sent me one of those pictures  
of me but I did not think they were  
very good. I am going to try and  
have some more taken when I have  
time.

How are the clothing coming that  
are on the outside of my furniture?  
How is Charlie's new baby coming?  
Tell them all hello for me.

I am writing this in a hurry so do  
not know if you can read it or not.  
I will have to get some more before I can answer  
Paul's letter. With love to all, from  
your loving son,

Pvt. William R. Richardson,  
Headquarters Co. 329th F. A. A. E. F.,  
France.

They are also in receipt of the fol-  
lowing letter from their son, George,  
who left for France about the  
same time that Will did, only that  
the brothers were not together when  
they went to war.

Sept. 26, 1918.

Dear Mother:  
Just a few lines to let you know I  
am well and hope you are the same.  
Think France is a very fine country  
from what I have seen of it. We  
have a pretty nice place to sleep and  
we get good stuff to eat. The only  
thing that bothers me now is that I  
cannot talk French and I don't un-  
derstand the French money very well.  
Have not had much to do since we ar-  
rived here, only signal work which is  
not so very hard. Was out and got  
some berries yesterday and we had  
some berry pie and it sure was good.

We are stationed at this town but  
don't know how long we are to stay  
here. There is a town about 20  
miles from here where we will have  
to go to school, I suppose. It is La-  
moes. Have a fine place to take a  
bath and wash clothes here.  
The railroads are somewhat differ-  
ent than they are in the States but  
they sure do go. They have first,  
second and third class coaches.

We are getting trucks and motor-  
cycles for our bunch now. We are  
all split up now, part of us are in each  
battalion and in the third battalion.  
The French people dress very funny  
over here as they all wear wooden  
shoes except Sundays and they all  
wear funny headdresses.

The country is very pretty as you  
go along the road you see nice green  
fields with little streams running  
through them and you see quite a lot  
of farming going on here to what I  
thought there was.

Got a letter today from Anna Hull  
and sure was glad to hear from some-  
one else in B. besides home as I  
thought everybody else had forgotten  
me. It seems funny here to see oxen  
drawing big loads on a two-wheeled  
cart to what it does in the U. S. to  
see horses and automobiles doing it.  
Got paid in French money today and  
I had almost 100 francs.

Well, I will have to close for now as  
it is getting near chow time, but I'll  
try and do better next time.  
Love to all from

George

Mrs. Chas. Warner recently re-  
ceived the following letter from her  
son, Charley King and from the tone  
of it we see that Charley is making  
good in the army in spite of his few  
shortcomings shortly after he enlist-  
ed. We are glad to hear of it and  
glad to let our readers know that  
Charley is making a good man and  
soldier for the nation.

Sept. 23, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:  
Will drop you a few lines to let you  
know I am still on top yet but am in  
the hospital with a bad cold and sore  
lungs but otherwise I am still as good  
as ever and will soon be back with  
the company and over the Hun once  
more for we have them on the go and  
are not going to let them stop this  
side of Berlin if we can help it.

The Yanks are doing fine work;  
you cannot pick up a paper but what  
you read about the big drives we are  
making.

Our regiment has had their colors  
decorated with two different medals  
and that shows what we have been  
doing.

Had a letter from Anna the other  
day and it nearly scared me to death  
for I have not heard from her before  
since April and you sure ought to  
see the letter Grace and Lydia wrote  
me too, for they have not written be-  
fore then and I was sure glad to  
hear from them.

I was in the same hospital that  
Charles King belongs to, that's Mar-  
shall's brother, you know, but I did  
not get a chance to see him as I  
could not get up to hunt around for  
him.

How are all the folks getting along  
there at home now? I hope they are  
all well and having a good time.  
Ma, do you think Frank will come  
over here? I hope not, for mother  
he has not got the constitution to  
stand it long.

Had another letter from the little  
one from Texas and she sure does  
write an interesting letter.  
We have a very nice nurse here in  
my ward. She will do all she can  
for one.

Anna said in her letter that Bake  
was home for awhile and that he ex-  
pected to come across in about two  
weeks. I would like to have his ad-

dress so I could locate him.  
I have not seen anything of Lew's  
brothers or Uncle Curtis but I will  
try and locate him if I can.

Well, mother, I must close for now,  
hoping to hear from you soon.

From your loving son,

Corp. Charles King,

Co. D, 126th Inf., A. E. F.

Mrs. R. S. Nodds of Orleans, sends  
the following clipping, taken from a  
recent issue of the Bloomington (Ill.)  
Bulletin, which she received from Mrs.  
George W. Grover of that place and  
mother of Walter Emery, who went in-  
to the army from this city.

Mrs. George W. Grover of West  
Jackson street received a very inter-  
esting letter from her son, Walter  
Emery. Since entering the U. S.  
service he was sent first to Valparaiso,  
Ind., and from there to the A. & M.  
college, Mississippi, to learn aero-  
plane repairing, using hand tools, then  
to New Orleans, La., where he was  
placed in the coast artillery. Guns  
used in this training are the big  
Howitzers, 9 1-2 inch shell. Then he  
was sent to Richmond, Va., then to  
Fortress Monroe where he writes the  
following letter, the marks in his work  
at all times have been 100.

Fortress Monroe, Va., October 12.

Dear Mother:  
Well, I have moved again. I got  
to Camp Curtis last Sunday all o. k.  
after a long ride through wonderful  
scenery; have been sick two or three  
days, but haven't had the flu yet, don't  
think I will get it. I don't catch dis-  
eases very easy.

This is a nice place here. I am go-  
ing to school again. There were six-  
teen of us picked out of our battery  
to go to a chauffeur's school. We  
are to learn truck driving and repair-  
ing. I hope I can make good at this  
also. We have to drive in the dark  
without lights. That will be hard on  
the eyes, I imagine, but "we should  
worry." I think I would rather do  
that than carry a pack like some of  
them carry—it sure is a load. Well,  
I have all my overseas clothes now,  
except hobnail shoes. I have wool  
uniform, wrapped leggings and a little  
cap. I would have given anything  
I possessed to have been home a little  
while this morning; I sure was home-  
sick. The only chance I will get to  
get home now is if we don't go across  
next month we won't go this winter,  
then I might be able to get a fur-  
lough; otherwise, I can't. There is  
quite a lot of sickness in all the camps  
now. There hasn't anyone died in  
our battery yet that I know of. Now,  
mother, don't worry if you don't hear  
from me often, because we have to  
study until 9:30 p. m., so you see I  
will be ready for bed when I get  
through. So long, mother, write  
soon. I am going to get some good  
pictures taken if I can. "As ever,

Walter H. Emery,

Battery E, 36 Artillery, Chauffeurs  
Barracks, Fortress Monroe, Va.



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